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**SPECIAL ARTICLES :**

**A Bible Course with Korean Boys**

**F. T. Borland**

**In a Million Korean Homes**

**W. N. Blair, D. D.**

**With Christ on the Korean Road**

**G. H. Winn**

**"The Bridegroom's Horse—A Legend**

**Miss E. Wagner**

**Eastern Sights and Sounds**

**Mrs. R. K. Smith**

**APRIL, 1933.**

**SEOUL, KOREA.**



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**THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN A MILLION HOMES :**

- 1.—The master of the house buys a book.
- 2.—A traveler stops by the roadside to buy a book.



**Mr. Kim Dong Yup, the Christian Korean aviator, and his Airoplane "God is Love."**

(See page 78)



# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

## A Monthly Journal of Christian Progress

Issued by the Federal Council of Evangelical Missions in Korea

VOL. XXIX.

APRIL, 1933

No. 4

### A Bible Course with Korean Boys

FRANK T. BORLAND

**T**HIS IS A SIMPLE record of my first attempt to plan and carry out a Bible Course in a Korean School. The plan itself can claim no merit save that it was virtually drawn up by the boys themselves. I do not recommend it to other teachers because every class will have ideas of its own, and even with my own class it has not yet proved itself, being still in process of execution. It would not greatly surprise me, I confess, if I were to find out sooner or later that my method and teaching were simply being tolerated with the unexampled polite toleration that we Western teachers receive so plentifully from the people of the East. When I remember the way that we young, insular Britons used to treat a foreign teacher, even if he were a next-door neighbour from France, I marvel at the gentleness and restraint with which I am treated here. Is the interest merely feigned, and are my methods only looked upon as so many fresh cranks of a slightly mad foreigner? The hope that is in me proclaims that no seed of God's Truth sown faithfully with prayer, however imperfect the sower and the sowing, will be without some fruit and some increase to His glory.

The class numbered about 25 boys. Among them were a few from Christian, and a larger number from non-Christian, homes. They had received Christian teaching for two terms, but it had been abruptly interrupted in the middle

of the year by the death of the principal, Mr. Allen, who was their teacher. Now there remained but seven short weeks, and practically the whole Bible was unexplored. I felt that under the circumstances I should be guilty of at least a very grave blunder if I did not choose to present to them Jesus Christ Himself as He lives for us in the Gospel records. (I should have said that the School is in a period of transition, and that the class which I was teaching would all go out at the end of the term, most of them to homes where there is no Christian influence).

My first problem was to enlist their imaginative interest. I began by asking, "Who is the greatest and most powerful man in the world today?" This met with one mild response from a little Christian boy. "The man who believes in God." (The boys range in age from 13 to 18 years). I explained that I didn't want merely conventional answers, but that I wanted their real opinion as to what individual stood out as the greatest contemporary man. That released a flood of answers. Three names only were given, but each was repeated several times, so we took a vote with the result:—

Gandhi	9 votes
Sadhu Sundar Singh	6 votes
Mussolini	3 votes

A few boys did not vote.

This was, of course the answer I had ex-



pected. The Korean boy, with his own deep national sentiment in mind, looks on Gandhi and the Indian movement towards Swaraj with lively sympathy and interest. These boys were surprised that I, a Britisher, should agree with them regarding Gandhi's greatness, and they were at a loss to understand the warm welcome that I told them he had received in London at the time of the Round Table Conference. It struck me that wiser men than they have been puzzled by this mixture of sentimental admiration for the under dog who puts up a good fight, and the traditional 'ruler complex', which finds it safer to chain up that same dog in a place where he will have no chance to fight.

I next asked in what way Gandhi's power differed from Mussolini's, and received the reply that 'Mussolini pushes while Gandhi draws.' Greatly encouraged, I proceeded to speak of this power of Gandhi's which they all admired. It was the power of one who sets the interests of others before his own; who was ready to die for a cause in which he believed; who was unwilling to take the way of the sword whatever the provocation.

Then I asked whence Gandhi got his great idea, and whence he derived his power. They had not known before to what extent Gandhi acknowledged the leadership of Jesus and the guiding hand of God. I told them that Gandhi called himself a follower of Jesus though not professedly a Christian, going on to suggest that we should go to the source of greatness, to Jesus Himself, to study the elements that made up that power which is acknowledged and sought after by Gandhi, and by every other great man, living or dead, who tries to draw men rather than to push them. I thus finished the first lesson by directing their thoughts to the Life of Jesus, and asked them to write down what they considered to be the greatest thing that Jesus did during his earthly ministry. I asked them not to mention the greatest of all, His death on the cross, because I wanted to get sufficient material to work upon. I expected a majority

of conventional answers but hoped to be able to do something with them.

I was very agreeably surprised by the answers I received. No two answers alike, and almost none of the significant acts of Christ were omitted. The majority mentioned several things as being equally great. Here are three answers typical of the best seven or eight:—

1. "He chose to live an insecure life, followed the way of righteousness to the very end, and prayed for His enemies on the Cross."

2. "He did not work for the benefit of Himself or His relations, but for the good of all men; He taught humbly of Himself and highly of others; He treated humanely the despised and the outcast."

3. "He prayed for forty days in the wilderness. He cured people's diseases. He washed His disciples' feet."

One only of these three boys comes from a Christian home. The other answers, practically without exception, were also good but I can only give, roughly in the order of frequency, the replies that I received. Under most of the headings there were several concrete examples.

1. His treatment of the outcast and despised. (This was the most frequent answer of all.

His thinking humbly of Himself, and highly of others. (Washing the disciples' feet).

3. His serving others, and not considering His own or His family's interests.

4. His forgiveness of others, especially His persecutors from the Cross.

5. His other prayers for His fellow-men, especially in the wilderness, and on the mountain-top.

6. His healing the sick and raising the dead.

7. The insecurity of His chosen way of life.

8. His following of righteousness to the very end at all costs.

You will agree that this is a remarkable list, and a framework on which a good course



can be built without much trouble. I added one or two topics of my own, feeling, for example that the miracles of physical healing should not overshadow the more wonderful miracles of spiritual healing of men like Zacchaeus and Matthew, (the victory of God over Mammon in lives where Mammon was deeply entrenched); and reserving the last few lessons for a treatment of the meaning of Christ's life for us, the victory of the Cross and the power of the Resurrection.

The course is not yet finished, but I feel that it has been worth while, that the boys have been gripped by the compelling power of Jesus, and have come to see, though incompletely, at least a part of what it means to be a Christian today.

The greatest enjoyment and zest has come to me in dealing with such great stories as

that of the Well at Samaria, the Temptations in the Wilderness and, later, the gift of Salvation to little Zacchaeus, and the washing of the disciples' feet, while I look forward keenly to the opportunities still to come in completing a course which has brought me, if no one else, closer to the feet of Jesus.

Since writing the above, the class captain, quite an outstanding boy, aged 18, who comes from a village where there has never been any Christian work, came to me and asked whether he might prepare to be received into the Church, saying that he had made up his mind to follow the Way that we have been studying together. So the fruits have not been so long delayed as the sower supposed, and he is both rebuked for his lack of faith, and rejoiced once more by the bountiful grace of God Who giveth the increase.

## "The Life of Christ" in a Million Korean Homes

WILLIAM N. BLAIR, D. D.

**T**HE HIGHLY successful Korea-wide distribution of the "Life of Christ" booklet in connection with the Revival Campaign this year illustrates the importance of faith in attempting large things for Christ and the value of a definite programme and a definite goal.

When the committee in charge began planning for the preparation of a short life of Christ in Scriptural language to be given to non-Christians throughout Korea, we said, "Let us pray and work for an edition of one million copies to be given to one million non-Christian homes in December, 1932, as a Christmas gift from the Churches." One million of anything is a pretty big order, especially in days of financial depression, but we felt it could be done and should be done. A sense of the urgency of our task, and the possible, shortness of the time for its performance rested so heavily on our hearts that we were impelled to attempt giving once, at least, a saving knowledge of the Gospel to the

largest number possible, NOW, while God is so manifestly holding the door of opportunity open.

As for the preparation of the "Life of Christ," it was prepared in my office with the efficient help of a Korean secretary who is also a seminary student. We found that Mark's Gospel afforded a most admirable basis for a short life of Christ. About one third of this Gospel was used, with short quotations from the other Gospels. The book was divided into seven chapters: 1. "Beginning to Preach," 2. "The Teaching of Jesus," 3. "God's Power Manifested," 4. "The Son of God," 5. "The Arrest of Jesus," 6. "The Crucifixion," 7. "The Resurrection."

While only Scripture language was used, the verse numbers were omitted and no reference notes were given to indicate from what Gospels the passages were taken. In order to print the booklet at the lowest possible price it was necessary to secure a limited amount of subsidy for the initial edition and



we are greatly indebted to Mr. Bonwick of the Christian Literature Society of Korea for securing a gift of one hundred pounds from the Scripture Gift Mission of England for this purpose. This Mission has for a number of years furnished us for free distribution very generous grants of attractively illustrated leaflets and cards bearing Scripture quotations, also large editions of a booklet entitled "The Word of God" all of which have been most helpfully used throughout Korea.

It was not easy for the Scripture Gift Mission to make us this grant, but when our plans were explained that Society gladly gave the aid which made the publication of "The Life of Christ" possible. One hundred pounds equalled Yen 1308.00, sufficient to pay for the first 220,000 copies. These were divided pro-rata between the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches in Korea, they having adopted a common programme of evangelistic effort for the year. With this encouragement we were able to notify each section of the country of the number of free copies to be given and to urge the Missions and the Korean Churches to see that sufficient additional copies were ordered to cover their territory.

How fully this was done, we do not know, neither do we know from what sources all the money came, but we do know that great interest was aroused throughout Korea, and that through the united effort of the Missions and the Korean churches, one million one hundred and eighty thousand additional copies of "The Life of Christ" were ordered, making a total edition of one million four hundred thousand.

We also know that practically all of this immense edition was distributed, not indiscriminately on the street and in meetings, but by carefully organized effort, one copy to each non-Christian home being given by individual voluntary Christian visitors with an earnest invitation to believe, and that as far as possible this work is being followed up throughout the country. Only the Judgment Day will give us any adequate idea of the actual results of this campaign, but we already know

that the distribution of "The Life of Christ" has been a great spur to individual preaching; that this effort in connection with the entire Evangelistic Programme of the year has aroused the whole Korean Church; and that reports coming from all quarters show that a great spiritual harvest is being reaped today in Korea.

I would like to give just one illustration from my own recent experience. From Feb. 1st. to 8th. I helped in a week of special evangelistic meetings in Kangkei in connection with this campaign. I found that the local church had carefully carried out the suggestions of the Assembly's Revival Committee for prayer and preparation of the members in the fall; that Mr. Stokes' admirable book on Personal Work had been studied by the whole church for one week; that "The Life of Christ" booklets had been given to every home in the city that would receive them and that some 200 members of the church had each given the pastor the names of three or more non-Christian friends for whose conversion they were working and praying. The men of the church had been organized into Round Table circles according to the programme suggested by Dr. Noble and the women into a larger missionary and personal work society.

In other words the church was ready and waiting and the ground was prepared by much prayer and preaching. The sequel, of course, scarcely needs to be told. My meetings were the most successful, and apparently the most genuine in results, that I have seen in years. Over 200 new believers were enrolled and many careless Christians were brought into a new experience of love for the Master and of a desire for Him.

In closing, I want to especially acknowledge our indebtedness to the C. L. S. of Korea for handling the publication and distribution of "The Life of Christ" for us without thought of profit. The labor involved took much of the time of the staff for months. It was gladly given, and when funds were delayed, the



Society agreed to go ahead with publication in faith that the money promised would come. May I again express, on behalf of the Missions and the Korean Churches, our sincere appre-

ciation of the help given by the Scripture Gift Mission without which we could not have carried out this memorable evangelistic effort.

## With Christ on The Korean Road

GEORGE H. WINN

**I** HAVE BEEN asked how I do my itineration, by what means of locomotion, and whether alone or not. About half of the time my traveling is done alone. Sometimes I make arrangements to meet the helper and go with him. Especially is it well to have a helper with one when preaching in unevangelized villages. His presence is an opening wedge. When going long distances I often take a jitney, for it usually carries my loads free. Sometimes, when itinerating along the Han River, I travel by boat. Of late there has been put on this service a half-boat, half-aeroplane affair which fairly skims along the surface of the water, and is nearly as swift as an auto.

Perhaps a few glimpses into my trips this spring may not come amiss. Recently I made a special trip to a remote corner of my district where there had been a small group of Christians, and we were sorry to find that there was but little left, though, to our joy, we came upon an unknown group of Christians in another village. Unknown to me a Christian family had moved in and had gathered a little group of fifteen or twenty people together.

Several years before I had eaten my lunch on a knoll overlooking this village. On departing, as I recall, I offered a prayer for the poor people without God in that village, and after giving out a couple of tracts to workers near by, went on. God has wonderfully answered that prayer by sending this man and his family. Though not yet baptized, and unable to lead in singing or preach, yet he has let his light shine to the best of his ability. He had been cut off from all Christian contacts so long that tears of joy came to his eyes

as he welcomed us. We ate lunch and had a little service, and as we left he besought us with tears to come to comfort and sustain them, so separated from other Christians.

### A Mountain Detour

Borrowing a bicycle, I made a forty miles detour over some of the roughest territory in my district to visit another little family group of Christians far off from everywhere and enwalled by mountains, from whichever way approach is made, that we are rarely able to visit them more than once a year. The last three or four miles I raced a rainstorm and was thankful that I was able to beat it, escaping with but a slight wetting. I was surprised to find my friend flat on his back, because he had fallen from the roof the day before while doing the annual spring rethatching. The poor man was rather battered up and suffering from severe bruises. The evening service and baptism were held in his room, and I stretched myself beside him and slept off some of the weariness of my hard trip.

The next morning I stepped outside and saw a strange man in the courtyard, and after a few casual remarks he appeared a little embarrassed and requested that I make myself absent. I inquired what was up and he said he was in the slaughtering business and was about to send the family dog to the happy hunting grounds to make meat of him for the sake of his poor master, as dog meat is supposed to be particularly efficacious in illness. I looked and the loop had already been made and was in the slayer's hand, it being the custom to strangle dogs. Though wolfish in appearance, the poor dog was a kindly animal and I could not bear to think of its being strangled while I was there, so I told them to



remember how faithfully it had watched the house all those years, and told them that it would be ever so much better to kill a chicken if it was meat that was needed. It was no great difficulty to change their minds about the matter, as they were evidently all fond of the family dog. The daughter's face actually showed signs of joy and all seemed to be relieved when I banished the butcher and ordered that chicken be given in place of dog.

### The Trail from "Three Peaks"

"Three Peaks" is a new place just starting up, and we are glad to note that two homes have now increased to six. May the Lord add His blessing and multiply the results. Leaving here my way led for ten or fifteen miles right through the heart of lofty mountains. There was a way around but it was longer and as this way looked feasible, and I was told that it was, I chose it. After ascending a valley that was wild, and shut off apparently from everywhere, I came suddenly upon a little village and a Buddhist temple in a most picturesque setting. Seeing some people I decided to leave a parting message. To my surprise that I was warmly greeted—this happening twice. It seems at a Christian funeral which I had conducted last fall these men were chief mourners. I did not know them divested of their sackcloth, but I remembered them immediately. It was a surprise and, as I said, perhaps it was the Lord who had directed my footsteps thither in order to meet and encourage them.

I stopped at the temple and had a pleasant talk with the young priest, telling him what our gospel meant and giving him a few tracts. He asked how I happened to be coming through such an untrodden mountain valley as this. I told him where I was going and he strongly advised against my attempting that road, whereupon I replied that I felt that with the leading of my God I could make it safely. He smiled and I started out. I soon found that the road parted. Which way was I to take? I chose that which seemed best. Again

it divided and I took a middle path. I discovered it led off into nothing and, from the valley, I was confused and could not tell which peak I was headed for.

I began to feel that I had better take the priest's advice after all and go back, or by another way, or at least get a guide, but thinking of my words that my God would lead me, I felt that after such a statement the die was cast. I could not go back on my witness, so I told the Lord of my trust in Him and arose to go forward. I had not gone far when, wonder of wonders, in a most unexpected corner, as if from nowhere, some fuel gatherers appeared. I told them I did not know which way to turn. They replied, "We're going right your way—follow us!" I thanked the Lord. My trust in Him had been vindicated, and I found that though I was not on the usual path, I had come by the most direct route. I reached my destination about five minutes before my loads, which had started long before me and gone outside and around the mountain range. This was about a 15 miles excursion.

Unfortunately, the Christians were not expecting me, as the notices I sent out telling of my expected itinerary got mixed and they received and read the one addressed to another church, but we had word sent round and the community knew about it in a short time.

### Were these Accidents?

Stopping for dinner at a little group, I found that a young man in whom I was particularly interested was not attending church. I went round to his house to give just a word of greeting before going on to my destination but, alas, he was absent. There was a narrow path over the hills so I decided to go by it rather than the usual road. I had not gone far when down in the valley I saw a man cutting wood. He looked like the man I had wanted to see. I offered prayer and descended, but I was not certain until right upon him, and, lo, it was he! I thanked God and believed He had led me to take the narrow footpath and told the man so.



### Ministering to Body and Spirit

I was in the extreme north-eastern corner of my territory and decided to go and see a poor young girl who had been in the hospital in Seoul for some months for a dislocated hip. We heard all sorts of reports of her condition, so we decided to go the ten-miles round trip to see how she really was. Others decided to go, and finally eight of us made the trip that beautiful early summer morning. Great was her surprise when our party descended upon her. As far as I could make out she seemed to be getting along fairly well and we trust she may be able to walk again, but we found she was not getting proper nourishment. Spring is a precarious time with many, as the supply of grain is gone, and the new harvest of barley not in. The family was actually starving and the least I could do was to leave a little money to buy a peck of grain. Before leaving we had a short service. She said, "Oh, sing another song—I long so to hear the hymns"—so we sang again and again.

Returning, we stopped at an M. E. church and extended greetings to a Methodist pastor who was quite overwhelmed. As it was dinner time he wanted to invite us to dine, yet his wife had nothing prepared for eight guests, so, reading his thoughts, I told him to be at peace as we were passing by and going to a tea house. There, for eight cents we got nice, doughy, sticky chunks of rice-bread, two apiece, which helped a lot.

At our destination I went and called at the home of the leader of the church. They were grieving over the death of a beautiful little baby boy. It was their seventh child, and each one had died after vaccination. Not a few have their children taken that way from lack of knowledge of proper care. On the other hand we can be thankful that vaccination has made an end to the terrible Smallpox's toll of thousands every year. The few who recovered usually had their faces terribly marred for life.

I give the following as an illustration of

native veterinary skill. At breakfast I found the family cow tied to a post by her nose-ring. Her yoke had galled her neck, infection had started in and a huge boil had developed. A sharp poker was heated red hot and plunged four or five inches into the boil. Fumes of burning flesh arose and the cow gasped in astounded pain. The hot poker was free from germs anyway; as a knife would not have been.

The same day I entered into a native doctor's home to present the claims of Christ. I found there a young man shaving down his thumb nail with a sharp knife. My curiosity was aroused and I learned it was for the benefit of his little sister of ten years, who had a sore eye, having an ulcer on the retina. I maintained, even in the face of medical etiquette, that that was considerably worse than useless, and said the child needed treatment at Severance Hospital. To my surprise, the child's mother took me right up and was perfectly willing to have me take her the seventy miles to the big city. A native pastor in the city, coming to our home and hearing of the case, said "How times have changed; who would have heard a few years ago of such a thing as a family allowing a foreign pastor, whom they had never seen before, to take their little girl into the city and care for her, and that at a foreign hospital with foreign doctors."

Later, I met a poor old couple without a home or means. The man was almost stone deaf and the old lady was blind from cataract. I told them that together they would make one whole person. The old lady I brought back with me also, and her eyes have been operated upon and with joy she tells me she can see again. The little girl's eye was cured and she was sent home. Will these two, the old lady and the little girl, not both be preachers of the gospel through what Christianity has done for them? I verily believe they will.

*"Presbyterian Advance"*



## The Bridegroom's Horse

A Legend of about 580 A. D. taken from the Korean by

ELLASUE WAGNER



SULYANG WAS the only daughter of a valiant knight. She loved her father dearly and dreaded to see him leave home to go out into the rude world with the other knights and fight bloody battles for the king.

In the same village lived Kasil, a brave young man who loved the beautiful Sulyang and longed for an opportunity to speak to her face to face. Kasil heard that the knight, her father, had been again called to arms. Maybe this was his chance to serve the beloved.

One day he went to her and said, "I know that thou dost love thy father dearly and that thou art sorrowful now because he must ride away to fight. Is it not so?"

The girl admitted sadly that it broke her heart to see her father thus leaving home again to suffer and maybe to die.

"Then see, fair maiden, I will go in thy father's stead and fight the fight. He shall be left safe in his happy home."

She was surprised and could not understand this gallant sacrifice, why should he give himself up to a life of hardship and death? Then said he:

"It is thus, sweet Sulyang; I love thee! If need be I would die to save thee from sorrow or pain. Gladly will I go in thy father's place, yet one reward I crave. If die I must, I die for thee; but if I return I must come to be thy wedded lord. I would come as a conqueror to live in bliss and for this happiness I am willing to risk all, for the mere possibility of future happiness."

Sulyang was deeply touched, for it seemed probable that he would never return from the desperate and dangerous war that the King had waged with Tang. Would he ever return from that barbarous land, the far and bloody

battlefield? Yet it was her heart's deepest desire to save her father. She told her father all about it, and he agreed to Kasil's plan.

The betrothal was arranged. Sulyang then took a metal mirror, broke it and gave half to her lover, saying:

"Here, take this and carry it with thee whithersoever thou goest. I will keep the second half and if thou return the broken halves shall be reunited."

When Kasil was ready to depart and was dressed in the heavy armor of knighthood he came to say good bye, bringing to Sulyang a beautiful white horse. "Take this horse" said he, "'tis a gentle, affectionate creature, he will be a companion for thee; feed him and care for him and learn to love him." Then he left for the battlefield.

Each day she went to the stable to talk to the horse and to care for him. He was indeed a beautiful creature; he seemed to know and to love her from the very first. He called to her, and took his food from her fingers. When he took her out to ride he was as gentle as though he understood what a precious burden he carried. Thus the girl grew to love the beautiful pet. She talked to him by the hour, stroked his sleek head, and brushed his satin coat. The more she talked to the horse the more she thought of Kasil so far away, and her love for him grew stronger. Every day she prayed to Heaven for the safe return of Kasil.

Perhaps he is wounded or ill, thought she, and her heart ached and ached as the long months passed and no word came from the young knight.

Three years passed and Sulyang's father was persuaded that Kasil was indeed dead. His daughter was growing past the flower of



## THE BRIDEGROOM'S HORSE

youth. He said that she must wait no longer for the lover who tarried. He would find another bridegroom.

"No!" said she. "Though it be six times three years I will remain faithful to Kasil. He is risking his life for me. He may have even died for me! The least I can do is to remain true to his memory."

But after a while the father grew impatient and refused to wait any longer. He brought her word that arrangements had been made and the date was set for her marriage.

"For shame, father!" cried the girl. "Remember your promise to the man who went to war in your place!" Thus she continued to refuse. However, the father had the power to compel her to do his will and his plans were continued for the coming bridal festivities.

Sulyang wept and prayed. Each day she went to the stable and talked with her pet; she shed many tears into his silken mane. If Kasil were living she must wait for his return. If he were dead then her only desire was to die also. There must be some way of escape. Perhaps she could fly away on the horse! As she brushed his satin coat her tears splashed down upon his side, and the horse rubbed his soft nose against her cheek.

"Take me away!" she sobbed, "Carry me to Kasil!" she pleaded. But how could she get away when her father watched the house so carefully and guarded her every moment?

The wedding day came at last. The preparations were all complete and the guests were coming in crowds to celebrate the occasion. Sulyang slipped away to the stable. There she put her arms about the horse's neck and whispered in his ear:

"Now, dear friend, now must be the time! Take me away quickly! It matters not where, —but if Heaven wills to Kasil."

Suddenly a stranger stood before her. His clothes were worn and torn. He looked very tired. "Oh, poor man!" cried the girl, "Have you been through some great hardship?"

The stranger looked at her a long moment, then he said "Sulyang! Doest thou not know me?" When he called her name she knew that Kasil had returned to her. He took from his girdle the piece of the broken mirror and said,

"See, this is thy token!" and she knew that it was indeed her lost lover. With great joy she cried out,

"Heaven has answered my prayers, it is Kasil!"

There was a happy bridal feast for all, even the father was glad that the brave knight had returned.

Kasil and Sulyang kept the good horse for many years, until he died at a ripe old age. Nor was there even in the stable of the King a horse that received such lavish affection and tender care as he.

## DO YOU KNOW?


1. Why Koreans boys idealize Mahatma Gandhi? ... (page 68)
2. How 1,400,000 Booklets were distributed throughout Korea in less than one month? (page 69)
3. The way converts are won by voluntary workers? ... (page 71)
4. The extraordinary name of a Korean airman's plane? ... (page 76)
5. Of Robert Coit's dedication to foreign missionary work even before he was born? ... (page 80)
6. What is one of the most lovely scenes in the city of Seoul?... (page 81)
7. Why Korean bell-founders stand the highest among early Eastern makers.? ... (page 85)



# By the Stream

MISS KILCHAI IM

(This Story won the prize in the Short Story Contest at Ewha College, Literary Dept., February, 1933)

T WAS A CALM, silvery, moonlight night one autumn by the stream called Nakkei in Pyengyang. There was not water enough to wash the laundry, yet under the old wooden bridge two women in grey clothes sat near each other and rubbed something on the stones, and sometimes the sounds of their wooden washing paddles broke the silence.

Along the right side of the Nakkei there many curved tile roofs among the straw ones. On the opposite side there was a huge old pagoda tree in the center of the wide turnip field resting under the peaceful moonlight.

There were shadows of the bridge on the sand and pebbles and on the trickling water, and shadows by the houses. The lights came out drowsily through the paper windows of the houses, and the surrounding mountains and vales were far away. The sky was deep blue, and cotton-like clouds were sailing here and there: numberless sparkling stars were inlaid on the heaven.

Two dark figures hurried toward the bridge from the shady alley. They were out of breath and looked back twice, or perhaps three times. When they were across the Nakkei they stood facing each other, talking in low voices.

One girl was taller than the other and looked about fourteen or fifteen years old. She had a pale, thin, excited face and often sighed deeply. The other one seemed ten or eleven, and was weeping not a little. They wore long black skirts with short grey waists. The tall one had extraordinarily long hair, and both of them had braided-in red silk ribbons.

The tall one put her hand on the other's shoulder and shook her gently. She spoke a little bit more loudly. "Don't cry, Poksoon. Stop! Stop! Even though I shall not be with you at home hereafter, I will pray for you, think of you, and very often I will try to

write you. Moreover, I expect to meet you in my dreams. If you cry so, it makes it more and more hard to leave each other." As she finished, tears on her face glistened in the moonlight.

She took her waist ribbons and wiped her sister's eyes with them. She continued in a suffocated voice, "Now let's say goodbye here, dear sister, and you run home right away and see if mother notices whether I am there or not."

Poksoon answered, "But mother has gone out somewhere."

"Oh, yes, I remember. When she comes back from the house of that wild looking woman, the bad matchmaker, and if she notices that I am not at home, and asks you where I am, then you answer that I have gone out for a few minutes to buy something. And say that I will come back soon. In such a way will you spend an hour with mother and make her try not to find me? You see that after an hour I shall be safe on the train to Seoul. You can think after you hear the echo of the whistle that I am free and happy. Well, I must not miss the train."

Poksoon lifted up her face and said through her tears, "I want to go with you wherever you go. How can I live without you, sister? With whom shall I play, and talk, and sleep from tonight?"

Her sister was uneasy and, looking round in all directions, answered, "No, dear, you can not go with me. You ought to stay at home and be good to mother and help her nicely. Then she will send you to Soong Eui High School. I know that it is hard to have me leave you now, but how can I help it? As you know, tomorrow was to be my wedding day, and if I don't leave here tonight I can not escape marriage with that fat old stuttering fellow. Mother is always saying how rich he



is. But what use is his wealth to me? I don't need his gold, nor his love, at all! But I do need to study. I will be rich within myself in the future. Mother said to me the other day, 'After you are married I hope you will stop going to school, and church also. You are in high school and you are educated enough.' Huh! Stop school? Stop church? No! Never!"

Poksoon spoke with sadness. "Poor sister! And poor mother! I am afraid that she will be in a great rage and try not to eat until she finds you. I hope she will not try to kill herself."

"I must live my own life, not for a stepmother. I am sure of that, Poksoon. I know well enough that I am an undutiful daughter to her." There was silence a while.

"Uh! I will come back to her when she understands me and after I have succeeded in life. Poksoon, you understand me, don't you? I believe that you will not tell anybody where I am going. I must hurry. Goodbye." She turned her steps and hurried toward the station along the little path beside the stream.

Poksoon sank down where they had stood and cried out loud as she watched the other going away, half walking and half running. When she got to an angle of the dark alley she held up a hand and said that goodbye again. Then she was concealed in the shadows.

After they had both departed one of the washing women under the bridge, Mrs. Park who lived beside Poksoon's house, touched the other woman and whispered in her ear, "Don't you know them?"

"The tall one is Poknam Chung and the little one is her step-sister. Her mother is step also. She is a stout woman with a steady face and big hands and wears a heavy gold ring on her finger. She still has conservative and stubborn ideas. She and that daughter quarrel with each other once or twice a day at least."

"Poor things!" The other woman struck her teeth with her tongue.

Mrs. Park seemed a talkative woman. She

rubbed out something industriously and opened her mouth again. "One midnight I heard a big stirring from their house. I was surprised and early the next morning I asked the cook of that house what was the matter. It was the father's sacrificial night. All the family bowed before the paper with his name written on it, but this Poknam. She didn't. Her mother resented it and beat her with a wooden poker. She was sick and could not go to school. Not only that but one Sunday noon after she came home from church her mother burned Poknam's Bible and song book. She is quite a strange woman. She hates Christians, 'those who look up at the sky'. She herself worships Confucius strictly."

The other woman was squeezing out the water from a washed apron and said curiously, "Oh, is she the young lady who ran away twice from home, and her family found her at night once in Soon Eui Dormitory? And once she was hidden in the Widow Kim's house?"

"Yes, she is the one. She has run away again tonight. Oh, what will they do about the wedding? They have been preparing since last week. Relatives have come from far away villages to help with it. They have been so busy marketing, the mill, pounding rice flour, frying cakes, and all today making the special sweet rice for tomorrow. A good seamstress was called and she has been sewing on many silk dresses. Oh, what will they do? Without the bride! And we won't get any wedding cake either! Anyhow, we shall see a very funny sight tomorrow. Isn't it like an old story? Once my grandmother told me about a funeral without the dead body!" They laughed in their noses.

The other woman seemed to worry about it and said, "Don't you think it would be better to tell her mother now that we saw Poknam running away somewhere?"

Mrs. Park agreed, and they put the clothes, paddles, and soap into their earthen jars and, carrying them on their heads, left the place, turning toward Poknam's house.



When they got there it was just an hour after Poknam went out. There was a big disturbance in her home. Mother, uncle, cook, servant, nephew, seamstress, all had come out and were looking for Poknam, going breathlessly up and coming back down again, hunting everywhere in the darkness. No-

body could find her, and nobody knew where she had gone.

But Poksoon had heard the whistle of the train just as they began to make the tumult, and she bowed to the east, where her sister would be, and said within herself, "Be safe, be free, be happy!"

## Notes that Interest the Korean Churches

(Extracts Translated from the January and February numbers of the "Christian Messenger")

BY B. F. HUNT

On January 21st Pastor Yang Chun Paik passed to his heavenly reward. He was a Christian for forty years, the first evangelist to work in Syenchun, one of the first class to graduate from the Theological Seminary in Pyengyang, and the first Korean Moderator of the General Assembly of the Korean Presbyterian Church. He served two prison terms during his ministry, once as being involved in the so-called "conspiracy case" and once as one of the 33 signers of the Korean Declaration of Independence in 1919.

The North Pyeng An Presbytery conducted a Sunday School Convention from February 1 to 4 inclusive. 750 delegates were registered and Rev. Chung In Kwa and Rev. Lee Sung Nak were the Convention speakers.

There are at present 374 Korean students studying in America.

Of the 2,000,000 children of school age there is room for only 500,000 under the present educational equipment of Korea, leaving 1,500,000 without a chance for an education.

72% of the population of Korea is said not to know how to read or write.

An examination is to be given by the Government to the students in the private colleges throughout Korea to test the educational standards of said colleges, and it is expected that a policy of revocation of charters from schools not measuring up to standard will be adopted.

On February 18, at a meeting of those interested in Ewha College, an organization of Sponsors was formed to obtain support for the college. College work for women was begun at Ewha in 1910, and this year new buildings at a cost of ₩460,000 are to be erected on the new site near the Chosen Christian College. At this meeting twenty-five prominent Koreans from various parts of the country were elected as a special promotion committee; on this committee are such men as Dr. Yun Chi Ho, Dr. Hugh Cynn, Dr. J. S. Ryang, Dr. Namkung Hyuk, and Cho Man Sik. There are three grades of membership in the Sponsors Organization:- (1) Ordinary members—those who donate ₩10.00, (2) Special members—those who donate ₩100.00, (3) Life members—those who donate ₩1000.00 or more.

The remains of a canal five miles long, built in the time of Kokoru over 2000 years ago, have recently been discovered in Pyengyang.

Kim Dong Yup is a young Christian from Andong recently graduated as a second class pilot from an aviation school in Japan, and flew over on a visit to his home country in his aeroplane named "God is Love." This is cleanly painted in Korean on the side of his machine. A Christian service was held on the occasion of his departure from Japan for Korea.

A translation of one of Dr. A. J. Brown's articles discussing the Laymen's Commission Report appeared in the "Christian Messenger."

The Song Chun Church (better known as Sorai Village Church) is making preparations for the celebration of the 50th anniversary of its founding this year. Plans are being made for the erection of a new church building.



# In Memoriam:

## Rev. Robert Thornwell Coit, D. D.

BY DONALD W. RICHARDSON, D. D.



ROBERT THORNWELL COIT was born in Charlotte, N. C., December 21, 1878. He was the son of Julius Thornwell and Dovey Knox Coit, and a grandson of Rev. John Calkins Coit, of Cheraw, S. C. His father was a man of brilliant intellect and deep piety, and his mother, of Scotch Presbyterian ancestry, was a woman of winsome Christian character. The father died while the four children in the family were still young, and upon the mother fell the responsibility of the two sons and two daughters. Her devotion and sacrificial provision for them is evidenced by the fact that all were given an education, and grew up to be godly men and women, and have occupied places of leadership in the work of the Church and in the communities in which they have lived. Her brother, John Marshall Knox, aided her in every way.

Robert, known and loved by a multitude of friends by the name of "Bob," grew up and received his preliminary education in Salisbury, N. C. He entered Davidson College in 1898, and throughout his four years of study in that institution was the outstanding spiritual influence and leader in the student body. His gentle and affectionate nature, his purity of heart and life, and his loyalty to the high ideals of Christ, won the admiration and the love of all, not only in the college but in the surrounding community. During his college vacations he served in home mission work in Ashe County, N. C., where he is still held in affectionate memory by many whose lives he deeply touched.

After graduating in 1902, with a scholastic standing above the average, he served for a year as Intercollegiate Secretary of Y.M.C.A., of Atlanta, Ga., and the following year was Student Secretary of Tennessee Y. M. C. A. He entered the Louisville Presbyterian Seminary

in 1904, and spent two years of study in that institution. During the vacations he continued his theological studies at the University of Chicago, and received his degree of Bachelor of Divinity from that institution in the summer of 1906. During the year 1907, he was co-pastor with Dr. Martin D. Hardin, of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Charlotte, N. C., and the following year he served in the work of the Forward Movement under the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions.

During his college days Dr. Coit was the leader of the local Student Volunteer group and, soon after his graduation, received his appointment as a missionary to Korea. On September 1, 1908, he was married to Cecile Woods, of Meridian, Miss., but his sailing for the mission field was delayed because of the Church's lack of funds and other circumstances, and they did not reach Korea until 1909. Upon their arrival there the mission assigned them to the Kwangju station. After hard work in the study of the Korean language, Dr. Coit was put in temporary charge, in the spring of 1921, of what afterwards became the Soonchun field, and when that station was formally opened in the spring of 1913, the Coit family were the first missionaries to move there. Within a week of their removal to their new home, Dr. and Mrs. Coit's two children were stricken with illness and died a few days later.

Dr. J. F. Preston, who was associated with Dr. Coit throughout the whole of his missionary career, says: "For seventeen years the Coits lived and labored in the Soonchun field, and hence are indissolubly associated with the founding and developing of that work. While his own evangelistic field comprised two counties to the east and northeast of Soonchun Station, in that period there was no part of the field in which he did not at some time



## THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

labor. In the local work also he was intensely interested in every department. He took a very active part in the material development of the Station, assisting in the building operations, laying out roads, planting trees, beautifying the grounds and acquiring needed land from time to time. When Mr. George Watts, who supported all the missionaries at Soonchun, visited the Station in the fall of 1930, Dr. Coit had a large part in the negotiations which resulted in an additional pledge of \$80,000 for permanent equipment, and as Station Treasurer he administered this fund. The beauty of Soonchun Station is a monument to his untiring zeal."

Dr. Coit had an unusually attractive and impressive personality. He was a man of rare intellectual capacity, of strong Christian convictions, and was uncompromisingly loyal to the truths of the gospel, both in his thinking and in his living. He was aboundingly generous by nature, and one who knew him intimately as a friend and fellow-worker testifies that "He never turned a deaf ear to the cry of distress. Unselfish, he went about doing good. Loving and sympathetic, he was in turn universally beloved." Four large memorial services in the Soonchun mission field have testified to the hold which he had upon the hearts of the Koreans. "The impact of his life upon all with whom he came in contact was powerful in its influence for good. From first to last his missionary service was characterized by zeal and devotion. Gifted with a keen mind, he stood high in the councils of the Mission. He had a broad outlook and loyally supported every branch of the work, including our union institutions. The distribution of Christian literature interested him greatly, and he was a life-member of the Korea Christian Literature Society, himself producing some literature. For years he was in charge of the half dozen colporteurs representing the Bible Society in the Soonchun field. It may be safely said that there is not an institution in this country that has not benefited by Dr. Coit's friendly interest and

activity in its behalf."

Before his birth Robert Coit was dedicated to God for service on the foreign field. His devoted mother, however, did not tell him of this until he was boarding the train for Korea. His missionary career of marvelous fruitfulness and of spiritual power was interrupted by a serious breakdown, following a severe case of flu, in February, 1929. Just a short while before this illness, he had received from his Alma Mater, Davidson College, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. This degree was never more fittingly bestowed. During this same year, Dr. Coit returned to his homeland, and after two and a half years of continued illness was called to eternal rest on May 12, 1932. His body was interred at Salisbury, N. C., the home of his childhood and youth. Surviving him are: Mrs. Cecile Woods Coit, Robert Thornwill Coit, Jr., Judith Knox Coit, Laura May Coit, and Mildred Woods Coit.

The writer of these lines was a college mate of Dr. Coit and has carried through the years a grateful and affectionate remembrance of this friend, whose influence has been deep and abiding because his heart was pure and he walked with God. His ideals of Christian character and service were high, so high that he could never quite live up to the standard which he set for himself; but he always tried, and the very trying made his life beautiful and impressive. The world has been enriched by his life and work.

Korean friends have contributed funds for the erection at Chirisan and Soonchun of stone monuments to his memory. He will live longer, however, in the ever widening and deepening influence of the men and women whom his life and ministry won to faith and fellowship with Christ.

Mrs. R. T. Coit writes, expressing deep appreciation of the many letters of sympathy that have come to her from friends in Korea, and regrets keenly that she has not been able as yet to answer them. She is still at Mission Court, Richmond, V., the furlough home of missionaries. Her son Robert is in college at Davidson, N. C.



# A Modern Fairy Land

MATTIE WILCOX NOBLE

**I**N THE EASTERN section of the city of Seoul, not far from the Great East Gate, lie the extensive and beautiful gardens of the late Prince Yi, the former Emperor of Korea. These gardens are kept perfectly and are full of old world beauty and of nature's peace. It is in two parts, the outer portion of the garden which contains the museum filled with ancient treasures and relics of the past, quite a good Zoo with animals from all parts of the world, and a large botanical conservatory, in addition to miles and miles of woodsy paths bordered with flowering cherry trees. The well kept lawns, hill-sides and terraces are all abloom with myriad flowers: yellow forsythias, lavender and pink azalias, and white cherry blossoms everywhere.

Looking through the fence into the inner, or palace gardens proper, we catch glimpses of the tile-roofed, ancient palaces; through the dense foliage we see colorful pavilions, old stone steps leading to summer-houses, and palaces where the knights and ladies of the court once made merry. But this inner garden of the palace is private and one can only enter here with a permit from the proper official.

Let us turn back to the outer gardens where the public is welcome. It is cherry-blossom time. Thousands and tens of thousands of cherry-trees line the paths and cover the hill-sides and are heavy with blossoms. The Korean people love their palace gardens; perhaps they still bring back the romance and beauty of "glory, pomp and royal grandeur—gone." The palace grounds are always popular with sight-seers, but in cherry-blossom time they are literally crowded. People come from long distances to see its famous beauty. This is picnic time; the schools bring their students—younger and older—all must see the bright glory of the cherries. All day long the merry laugh of children and the gay song of

young people echo through the groves.

But what of the night time in the gardens? By day they are fit for a king, but by night they are a veritable fairy land. Many thousands of electric lights are strung from tree to tree, along the paths and terraces. The delicate flowerlets take on an added loveliness by night,—they seem too beautiful to be true; one can almost see the fairies dancing on their petals. The frail flowers last but a short while; if rain should come at the wrong moment all the beauty will be swept away in an hour.

## The Palace Garden

(Free translation from the Korean poet  
Lee Eun Sang)

The waning moon's pale beams  
Shimmer through the tall pine trees  
In this garden of dead kings.  
The tracery of lacy lines  
Seem the embroidered shadows  
Of past days  
Of glory, pomp and royal  
Grandeur—gone!

Through palace groves the mad crowds push  
Athirst for show, for pleasure and for mirth;  
The strum of music,  
The light note of song—  
Dancing girls with lute and song;  
Rude men out seeking lawless wrong.

Merry children, too,  
From school set free  
Seek the festival of flowers.

O, mad and merry throng—  
What seek ye in the cherries' glowing bower?  
What find ye in the frolic  
Of this fleeting hour?

Who is Master in this palace fete?  
Whose are these flowers frail and fair?  
Whose is the zephyr that perfumes the air?  
That stirs the tall pine trees  
To whisper and to sigh—  
The Master where is he?

"Come, come!" they cry.  
"See the cherry blossoms,  
In the garden of dead kings!"  
Tens of thousands rush to see  
This lace of tender pink,  
So delicate and soft  
As loving hearts unfolding.

But look!  
The flowerlets on the lowest branches fall,  
Yet on the topmost bough  
New buds will open to the touch of Spring!



# Station Brevities

## Work Among Rural Women

Our attention has recently been drawn to a Society which has been formed to carry on work among the rural women of Korea. The head-quarters of this society is in Seoul, but branch offices may be opened in other places. The objects of this society are:—

1. To inculcate the living spirit that is found in Christ.
2. To advance culture.
3. To disseminate knowledge.
4. To encourage the formation of cooperative societies.
5. To give guidance in cottage industries.

The work carried on by this society is done under the direction of a field secretary, appointed by the co-operating committee for Work among Rural Women. Those desiring to join the society or to learn more about it may apply to the field secretary, Miss Pak In Duk, Christian Literature Building, Seoul.

## Severance Hospital

"We would like you to visit our children's floor where some 24 kiddies are struggling for health. Miss Kim Wee Soon, the pretty head nurse, born and raised in Siberia, will be proud to show you around and tell you about the children there. On the veranda you will see a variety of cases; one happy little boy who has been strapped on a frame for nearly two years because of tuberculosis of the spine; another little chap who was brought to us with the claim that his trouble was due to the playful prank of a play-mate who tied him to a cow's tail with disastrous results; a little girl who was brought to us several months ago dying of starvation and who is just learning to smile, and a little boy suffering from *Kala-azar*, a disease unknown in Korea, and therefore for which the specific medicine could not be got in Korea but had to be ordered from Peking. Come and see this floor when the kindergarten teachers from Ewha are teaching the little kiddies things they have never even dared dream about. It will do you good."

(Extract from an address by Dr. D. B. Avison.)

## Korea Sunday School Association

"As you already know, since the death of Mr. Hoover, who had annually given \$5,000. for the K. S. S. A., his son and successor has been unable, on account of financial reverses, to continue the gift. Though in hard straits for about a year, the Associa-

tion continued its usual work until September last. At that time another plan for financing the work was adopted, viz., that the Korean Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, each donate ₩200.00, and that the position of general secretary be made honorary, without salary. On October 5th the annual meeting of the Association organized accordingly. At this meeting the work was fully discussed. From now on we shall give our full energy to the preparation of Sunday School Lessons, the Daily Vacation Bible Schools, and other co-operative enterprises as called for by the educational programs of the two Churches. The finances are to be provided by the World Sunday School Association and the local churches. The cooperation of the churches in this work is so important that we particularly request your prayers. (Taken from the Report of the Department of Education, Korean Methodist Church.)

## A Temperance Parade

This demonstration took place on the afternoon of February ninth in Seoul. We met, a thousand people, in front of the Y. M. C. A. in Bell Street and started from there. As we marched along the street we sang our vigorous temperance song, shaking our red and white flags in the air. Numerous people—children, women and men—came out along both sides of the street to see us. Some of them joined in our song, and some of them encouraged us by looking on with lots of zeal in their sparkling eyes. The afternoon was not cold but cool and clear, with a blue sky. We forgot all of our weariness and the mud on the street. We marched on like brave soldiers—men and women from the churches, from college, seminary, and high school, and even primary students, under the guidance of the policemen, who also were pleasant to us.

(*"The Ewha College Girl"*)

## Methodist Theological Seminary

On Tuesday evening, February 21st, at seven o'clock, the Seminary students, both men and women, presented at the Town Hall a pageant play, showing in outline the history of the Church in a series of pictures which were explained by speakers who represented the chief characteristics of the life of the Church throughout the centuries. The pageant was greatly enjoyed by a large and most attentive audience. The music, rendered by a choir of seminary students, was very beautiful.



## From the Editor's Desk

**I**T SEEMS STRANGE that the few typographical errors that find their way into our pages are usually in some place of prominence. Mr. Bonwick has an eagle's eye for mistakes but some of them slip by.

A few months ago Dr. Koons wrote of some of his students' work in the Summer Vacation Bible Schools. One story was of a little chap, thirteen years of age, who organized and taught a school in his own village. This was specially appealing, but the whole point of the story was that the boy was only a little fellow of thirteen. When the magazine appeared, however, there was 18 in place of 13 which spoiled the whole story for there are scores and scores of students of that age who do likewise.

The following letter from Dr. Underwood gives another example of the harm which may be done by a typographical error in just the wrong place!

MY DEAR MISS WAGNER :

My copy of the March number of the KOREA MISSION FIELD has just come to hand and I must congratulate you on the very fine picture of Dr. Allen which you secured for the magazine.

I noted, however, to my alarm and regret, that in the first column on the second page "his record shines brighter and clearer than that of most men" had been printed "shines brighter and cleaner than that of most men." This is, in some ways, a very small typographical error but we unfortunately have so much connotation with the words "clean" and "record" that I think it would be well to publish in the next number of the "Field" a correction of this mistake. One or two individuals have already noticed it and more or less laughingly inquired if there is anything in Dr. Allen's record which was not clean. Such an impression would of course be most unfortunate and, while I understand perfectly that

it is not possible to insure the entire absence of typographical errors, this seems to me is sufficiently serious to warrant a public correction.

Thanking you for your attention to this matter, I am

Yours very sincerely,

HORACE H. UNDERWOOD.

### From Ewha College

At the time of the Literary Recital a prize of five yen was given for the best original English story. The prize story, which appears on page 76, was the life experience of one of the girls. She came from a home where there was a cruel stepmother who burned her Bible and did everything she could to keep her from being a Christian. The father was also unsympathetic and they were going to force the girl into an uncongenial marriage. She ran away on the eve of the wedding. She is one of our finest girls. On the morning after she won this prize, which is probably the first money that she could really call her own, she put it on Miss Appenzeller's desk with the following letter :

Dear Mother Appenzeller,

Will you use this little money for our new college building? Specially for the private prayer room, which we will call Ada Kim's room?

This is only five yen, but it is too precious for me so I can not use this money for my own self and I am sure that I ought to use it for some other valuable thing.

I love to have a private prayer room in our new college building and always I am thinking of death (of) Ada Kim so I am *very glad* to give this money to you for that room. Only a little bit of help.

One of your girls.

Ada Kim is an Ewha girl who died after a struggle of five years with T. B. and much of that time was spent in intercessory prayer.



# Gold, Good Measure Running Over

Being an account of Korea's great evangelist, Kim Ik Doo

VICTOR WELLINGTON PETERS

## Chapter Four. Gold in the Furnace.

**N**OTHING SUCCEEDS like success, they say. But that is only half the truth. Nothing creates so much opposition as success. Pilate knew that the Jews had delivered the Lord to him because of His success. They envied Him. "What shall we do?" they said, and admitted frankly that He did many miracles. "If we let Him alone, the whole world will go after Him." And now in Korea it seemed that the whole world had gone after Pastor Kim.

And not in Korea alone, for now Pastor Kim turns north to preach to the Koreans in the Vladivostok region of Siberia. At Nikolsk they borrowed the city hall, where a thousand met every night, among them two or three hundred Russians. Many Russians asked for prayer, one of them a Catholic woman of about forty-five who was ill.

After prayer she asked through the interpreter if there was something she could give the pastor. The interpreter replied that he desired only her salvation and would accept nothing else. Then she wanted to do something for the Korean girl who was interpreting. Pastor Kim gave his permission, and the lady promised to send her to school, she gave her forty yen at the time and promised more later. Her trouble was completely cured, and Pastor Kim got his reward in seeing her accept Christ as her Saviour.

On his way from this town Pastor Kim passed Kanggojai, an exclusively Russian town. Many Russians came out to meet him and begged for a sermon. The Protestant church there was very small, but it was opened to him. They said many from the Greek Orthodox Church would come; "Preach especially for them!"

Praying a long time on the mountain side, it

came to Pastor Kim that he should preach on what it means to bear the cross. While preaching he himself was wonderfully blessed, and he hardly knows what he said, nor how the interpreter spoke. But at the close nineteen Russians came forward with tears in their eyes, saying:

"We have worn crosses all our lives, but never knew what it meant. Pray for us." Marry of them were saved.

In proportion as a man is prominent reports increase in volume and extent. As a report increases it becomes distorted. These two propositions ought to be self-evident enough to keep us from judging well-known persons from hearsay. Yet we go on for ever with that pernicious human habit of smacking our lips over evil reports of the great. The last decade has seen an orgy of de-pedestaling famous men. Philippians 4:8 would seem to be in order now.

It was reported that Pastor Kim said there was no need for doctors. In more than twenty cities he was called to police headquarters and questioned on the matter of prayer healing. Finally Pastor Kim went to the chief of police at the Government General and had a talk with him. The chief issued a statement which relieved him of further annoyance from that source.

The newspapers many times said he was crazy, that he was teaching superstition. The Church itself was little better. When in history has the organized Church ever found a place for its greatest sons? If efficiency is organization's virtue, inelasticity is its vice. Nor is church organization exempt from this vice. People in the churches opposed his praying for the sick. But most of the opposition came from those who had not been to his



meetings and did not know personally of his methods of work. Opposition arose also because women and helpers, after he had left, did much harm by trying to imitate him.

His thoughts naturally turned to Christ's miracles of healing and the false accusations and hatred they brought down upon Him. Such a parallel to his own case was only too apparent. Now let me lay down an axiom of history. Opposition never deters strong men who know they are right. The man who suffers criticism calls it persecution, and to the Christian this is glory. "The servant is not greater than his lord," our Lord reminds us. "If they have persecuted me, they will persecute you. Count it all joy. So persecuted they the prophets that were before you."

These are the thoughts that invariably run through one's mind. The critic should remember this. If you wish to glorify a new movement anathematize it. Was not Christ also cursed? Drive it out. Christ, too, had nowhere to lay His head. Publish bans against it. Did not the Jews say that whoever confessed Christ should be turned out of the synagogue? On runs the parallel. Scripture was richer to Pastor Kim now.

Still Pastor Kim showed true greatness when he looked behind the excitement and saw that there was no virtue simply in becoming a center of dissension. It is only when they speak *falsely* that we are bade to rejoice. He saw that there was real cause for criticism in the way imitators trailed after him. More dangerous than a wise enemy outside is a foolish friend within. On this account his own power in prayer for the sick seemed to diminish, and he largely lost his zeal for it.

"Even now I still pray for the sick," he said, "but I do not put my heart into it." Yet, in spite of this, there are healings even now here and there.

The severest opposition to the work came about six years ago during Pastor Kim's visit to Manchuria. The strong communistic element among the Koreans there was bent on

the destruction of Christianity throughout the country and they had their plans well laid for launching their offensive at the time of Kim's revival in the Central Church of Dragon Well Town.

The Christians were forewarned of the trouble brewing by a mistake on the communists' part. A few days before the revival a *musicale* took place in the church, and it was a "mixed multitude" that gathered that night. The communists thought it was the beginning of the revival and assembled two hundred strong, forming a block through the middle of the audience. They were a wild, wicked looking crowd, with their long hair, and under their black coats iron missiles were showing. But music hath charms, and the programme proceeded in the hope of quieting them. But they were not amenable to mild measures, their rowdiness only increased, and the end of the programme could not be given.

This experience prepared the Christians. A few days later, when Pastor Kim arrived and the revival meetings began, the Christians were forearmed, they were shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. They preempted all the front seats, and instead of weapons they carried hymn-books and Bibles. The communists were there too, you may be sure, but the service proceeded to the end. During the benediction some kept an eye on the mixed multitude, while the Christians across the front of the church locked arms.

The Amen had not been said ere from behind broke an avalanche of rushing humanity, and on the outside of the building enemies rose out of the darkness on every side. Pastor Kim was almost in their grasp. Then, as in Galilee, "certain women ministered of their substance." They quickly slipped a skirt and waist over him, and soon had him lost in their midst. For once the children of light had proved themselves wiser than the children of evil.

It was felt that a victory for the enemy at this time would make life for the Church almost impossible throughout the country for





high yet it weighs 148,000 pounds; 1633 A. D. is the date of this one. The Chongno bell in Seoul was cast in 1396 A. D. and, although it is only a little over eight feet high, yet its extra thickness leads one to approximate its weight as about the same as the eleven foot Kyengju bell. Peking has a great bell standing fourteen feet high and weighing 53 tons, which was cast in 1420 A. D. as one in a set of five. These dates are all prior to the dates given for even the largest bells of the West while the earliest come in the days when casting was unknown in the West. That bells were Buddha's gift to the Orient is undoubted and Eastern bells take on his characteristics, somberly self-sufficient, grandly aloof, with voices of deep spiritual craving, the bells of the priest. Western bells are bells of the people, associated with every political, social and religious aspiration. Where the West has made the bell-tower the crowning glory of her cathedrals and the bells the clear clarion call to action, the East has kept her bells near to the bosom that gave them birth, which throbs in unison with them as the rich lovely tones reverberate. Musically meditative, without a trace of metallic sound, with no clatter of iron on brass, their notes burst forth at the slow, gentle tapping of the delicately poised wooden beams.

Bells, both east and west, are full of mystic symbolism and they bear the richly engraved inscriptions of poets and scholars. Pre-reformation bells in the West were baptized and were supposed to be endowed with power against evil spirits. The practice of tolling a bell at death grew out of this superstition. Many are the stories connected with Oriental bells, especially sad tales of failure in the casting until a life was sacrificed. Since the quality of a bell depends on so many things—such as the proportions of the bell mixture (copper and tin about four to one), the fineness of the mixture, the relation of size to the shape of the bell, the skill shown in casting—we cannot wonder that the processes were attended with much agony in prayer on the part

of a susceptible people.

The Chongno bell in Seoul was cast in the mould many times but each time it was found to be cracked. Finally King Taijo, the founder of the last dynasty, for it was he who ordered this bell to be made in 1396 A. D., offered a reward to the person who should determine the cause of the failure. Then it was remembered that an old woman had offered a three years old child in place of the metal that each was supposed to contribute, and until that offer was accepted no bell would be perfected.

But you ask why the title, "Korean Bells" when so many of Japan are listed? Because fully a half of the finest bells with authentic origins in Korea are known to be in Japan, the very finest are there, and it was to Korean workmen, carried over after the terrible invasion of 1592-6, that the casting of many other bells was entrusted. Korea may well be proud of this her splendid contribution to the artistic treasures of the world.

## II. Voices of the Night

Life would be monotonous if only our determined activities held our attention for, no matter how varied, one doesn't look upon them as adventure. To get thrills we must look or listen for the unusual, we must open new doors, or by closing older doors, let whisks of other folk's lives come fluttering over the unguarded threshold of our sleepy consciousness. A restless night in Korea is as good as a "talkie" unless one is deaf and blind in the imagination.

Take last night. The "Rat-tat-tat" of rhythmic strokes from a pair of ironing sticks conjures up a vision of "The Lord of the Mud Manor" strutting forth enveloped in gleaming white and his best company manners. And again, that old marvel that such immaculateness can emerge from these lowly walls, like a butterfly leaving its dull brown case. Then a "whack! whack! whack!" with a stop for breath before the dull, heavy strokes continue, makes our head ache until it feels like that jump of soggy, greyish white dough that is



being pounded with heavy wooden mallets out on the doorstep at this late hour, so that all the able-bodied, strong armed members of the family can beat the mass into a semblance of palatability for the feast to come. For this is a special delicacy, although it never gets beyond the stage of feeling like a lump of lead in one's anatomy. Many a hospital case develops from nothing at all but just too much "dok" at a wedding or a New Year's feast.

A watchman with his "bones" rattling, to scare away all law-breakers before he has a chance to catch them, is a refinement recently added to our civic life; in the dead calm of a frosty night the metallic "click, click, clack, clack" beats its way into our drowsy dreams and we awaken to wonder why Western nations have not thus made the dark ways of the night prowler safe.

It always seems more than midnight when the last sounds die away on a waning consciousness and only a wink until the feathered folk call up the dawn. Then comes the most distinctive sound of all. "Squeak! Scrunch! Squ-e-e-e-ek! Scru-u-u-u-u-nch! Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" and the great, patient, slow-footed, mild-tempered ox draws his lumbering, iron tyred, wooden wheeled cart over the crispy, crunchy roads, with the occasional sleepy call of the driver as he walks alongside with hands tucked in the opposite padded coat sleeves. The evil spirits hear the bells and get out of the way of those four straw-shod, clumsy feet and these six inch bands of iron, so what more is needed from the driver?

Daybreak prayer meetings are on and as they must be over by daylight the first bell rings at four-thirty. The bell needs oil and groans out its weariness under the torture of the arm below, which does not spare the elbow grease. How that "Cling! Cling!" har-rasses us just as we have been wooed to slumber by the soft "Tinkle, tinkle" of the tiny brass bells tied on the swaying oxen's heads.

The second bell rings and soon a paeon of praise surges up as a holiday crowd pours forth its soul in song. A long low murmur, and one pictures the pastor in kneeling attitude and the people sitting with heads to the floor as they pray together, the sound trailing off to nothingness as one by one they say their "Amen." The tramp of feet and a friendly call, as the crowd takes its homeward way, are rudely interrupted by the rushing whirr and whizz and rattle and honk as the worst auto in the district goes to meet the early train, which shortly stops with a jerk in obedience to a weak little "toot" from its backward facing engine. With our own rattle of stoves and a swish of brooms the day's work begins.

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## Notes and Personals

### United Church of Canada

#### *Birth*

To Dr. and Mrs. D. M. Black. a son, Donald Frederick, born on January 29, at the General Hospital, Vancouver.

#### *Returned to Canada*

The Rev. B.P. Thornton, D. D. of Winnipeg, who has been detained in Korea for about a year on account of ill health. Dr. Thornton was on a tour round the world when he became ill.

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### Northern Methodist Mission

#### *Left on Furlough*

The Rev. A. L. Becker, Ph. D., Seoul.

#### *Returned from America*

Mrs. D. A. Bunker, Seoul.

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### Southern Methodist Mission

#### *Returned from America*

Dr. and Mrs. Hardie, Seoul.



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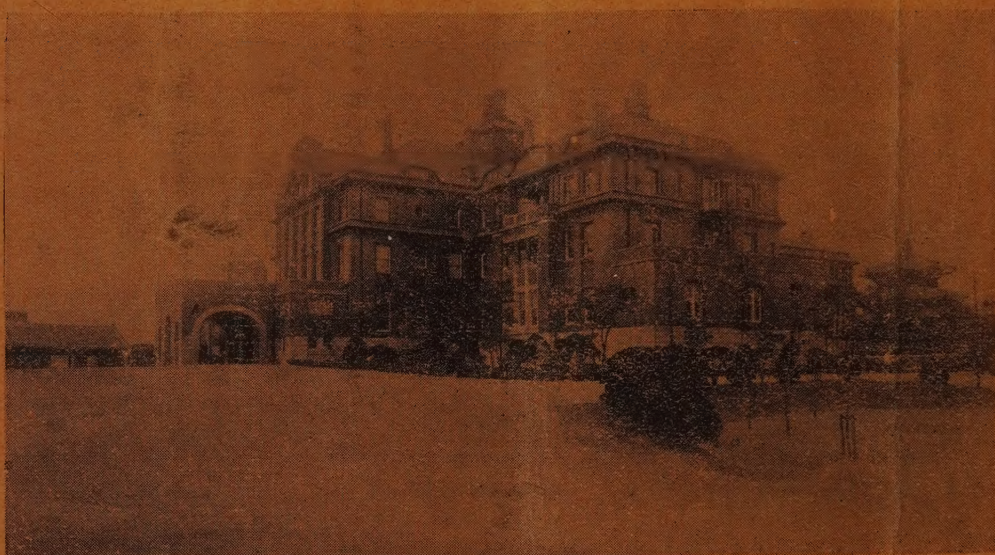
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